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THE PRINCIPLES AND PROSPECTS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN ENGLAND.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY A. W. HALSEY, '79, OF NEW JERSEY.

The Democratic movement which agitated European society during the latter part of the eighteenth and earlier portion of the present century, found advocates in England. A conviction gradually arose—the cause of which comes not within the scope of this paper—that the lower classes were not possessed of their full rights. It found expression in the great Reform Bill of 1832. Step followed step. The strength of England was seen to lie in her industrial and commercial pursuits. “England is one vast industrial concern,” was the thought of many an Englishman. Why not let her reap all the advantages that the ingenuity, hardihood, sagacity of her people deserve? The new party aimed to reduce unjust taxation, and to bring the industrial classes into more intimate relation with the government. The statute to relieve the laboring classes from taxation—the act to repeal the corn laws, the bestowal of household suffrage, the securing to the elector the protection of the ballot—were succes-

sive steps in this direction. Careful attention was bestowed upon the administration of the home government, useless expenditures were cut off, long existing abuses overthrown, precedent was no longer king—a liberal spirit permeated English society. But the old conservative element, holding sacred the opinions and traditions of the past, was still active. Every inch of the way was made with difficulty. The rich, the learned, the titled, should have a voice in the government, and they only. This conservative class knew no other way to preserve England's pristine glory but by maintaining inviolate her customs, precedents, institutions. If the home measures of the reformers met with little approbation from the conservative faction, still less did their foreign policy give satisfaction. "Liberal" as they justly deserved to be called from their aggressive measures at home, they were very conservative in their views of the foreign relations of England. They saw that England had more dependencies than she could well manage, that Parliament was overcrowded with business, that the "Remanents" of every session were constantly on the increase. In the light of these facts their policy was quickly formed. No new territorial acquisitions should be sought. Already England was possessed of a sufficient number of colonies. Her aim should be to husband their resources, improve their condition, encourage emigration, build up industries, make the colonies in interests, thought and feeling essentially British. Against this homespun doctrine their opponents urged the necessity of acquiring new territory. This was the cry which they sounded in '74, and before it the walls of the Liberal stronghold fell, as the walls of Jericho before the trumpets of the Israelites. They have been true to their professions. In the few years of their power, England has been enriched by the Fijii Islands, the Transvaal Republic, the island of Cypress, military garrisons have been placed far beyond the Indian frontier, and what Afghanistan is to add to Britain is yet to be decided. In defence of their action they have advanced three leading reasons. First—This was necessary for the

protection of India and Indian possessions ; again, the preservation of British prestige—her influence in the affairs of Europe—demanded it ; and lastly, the interests of civilization required it. “ We want to bring back civilization to Babylon and Nineveh, to the site of the seven churches, to Halicarnassus and Troy.” The Liberals, though the voice of the majority of their countrymen was against them, remained steadfast to their previous assertions. They meet their opponents face to face. Their answer is clear, direct, decisive. The interests of India can be protected when they are endangered. If Russia has designs on India or British possessions in the East, wait till she attempts to carry them into execution. The endeavor to protect the vast region “ called Turkey in Asia,” is folly. When British interests are in peril, British valor will be equal to the emergency.

They are no less outspoken on the question of prestige—the position of England in the councils of Europe. England, separated from the other European communities by a natural barrier, ought not to fetter herself with entangling alliances. Her position enables her to strike freely and forcibly whenever the occasion demands. The payment of the Alabama claims, the removal of grievances in Ireland, gave England prestige, but the carrying of one treaty in the hand and another in the pocket, the partitioning of a country which she is under obligation to defend, this does not increase her influence in the European councils. The prestige, the stability, the might of England, come from a well-ruled England. In replying to the third argument of their opponents the Liberals do not waste many words. The revival of the glories of Babylon and Nineveh, the repeopling the deserted cities where once art and culture spread their beneficent wings, the rebuilding the waste places that “ the desert may blossom as the rose ”—these are grand objects. Christianizing the heathen is also a grand object, but it is beyond the province of the English government. She has duties and obligations nearer home. If any surplus expenditure is to be made, her own foster child, India, demands all that can be given. Such

is the position of the Liberal party on the great questions which have agitated, and are yet to agitate, the English people. One leading principle animates their entire action. While the Conservatives call for an imperial England, they, on the contrary, hold unswervingly to an economic England. Economic at home, economic in the government of the colonies, and economic non-interference in the councils of Europe. The question which confronts us to-day, as with an unprejudiced eye we survey the contest from across the sea, is whether this party is to have a permanent place in English politics. This discussion has revealed to us the principles of the Liberal party. Are they sound morally and politically? Are they such as to radically affect the destinies of England? A simple recital of the reforms brought about by them manifests the moral tendency of their policy. The Irish Church act, the removal of unjust taxation, the part they have taken in endeavoring to repress the Eastern atrocities, their reforms in the government of India, all bear witness to this. The same spirit pervades them to-day. They give no indication of any departure from the policy already pursued, nor are their principles any less true politically. The ruin of empires has been the greed of territory. The government of England owes its greatness not to large possessions, but to the energy, untiring industry, and practical common sense of her people. The aim of the Liberals is to foster these internal elements of strength, and to decrease the external sources of weakness; to interfere in European affairs only so far as such interference is required for the preservation of England's integrity; to build up the waste places at home; to harmonize the discordant colonial relations, and to regain the lost commercial supremacy, so long the glory and pride of Great Britain. But strong as are the Liberals in their general principles, there are elements of weakness in their party organization, and of strength in that of their opponents, which are not to be overlooked. A want of unanimity is apparent in their ranks. One faction holds that woman suffrage is the panacea for all the woes of the country;

another class can talk of nothing but Home Rule in Ireland ; others maintain that the sole subject which should occupy the public mind is the grievance of the "ex-butcher," and still others think that sanitary reform is the all-absorbing theme. These various factions are, of course, small, but they prevent that agreement of action which is essential to success. The same want of unanimity is seen among the leaders. This was well illustrated in the recent debate on the Afghan war. "The Liberals had better fighting ground than they have had for a long time," but there was a dispute about the offering of a resolution. Lord Hartington would not make the motion, because precedent had ordained that it should come from the House, not the leader. Earl Granville, "the titular chief" of the Liberals, thought it useless to oppose a war after it had commenced. Confusion in the Liberal ranks was the inevitable result. Not only have they divisions in the ranks and quarrels among the leaders, but they have to meet a valiant foe ; a foe well organized, well disciplined, and led by one of the ablest politicians of the age ; a foe who hesitates not to appeal to the imagination, the glory, the pride of their countrymen ; a foe who dazzles by their skillful maneuvers and brilliant successes. Dry, stubborn facts, unadorned with any poetic trimming, are not readily seized by the people at large, and yet these are for the most part the weapons of the Liberals. Time will accomplish much. Unpaid bills coming in, increased taxation, poverty and distress, will give weight to arguments which now seem light. These signs of apparent weakness on the part of the Liberal party are sufficient to retard, but not to destroy its progress. It is too closely allied to the vital interests of England to quickly perish. It has a future.

"Has Great Britain run her race?" This is the theme of hot discussion on the floor of Parliament, the text of political harangue on the hustings, the topic for many an editorial in the *Times* and *Standard*, the thought of all England. Until this race has been run, the future of the Liberal party will not be written. Its

past history is a history of "permanent reforms." It has educated public opinion up to its standard. "The beginning of Liberalism was toleration, its end progress." What was done for taxation, suffrage, government in Ireland, is now being pursued in the momentous foreign issues which are moving England to her very foundations. The careful London correspondent of the *Tribune* says that the Liberals are largely composed "of the more stable of the industrial and commercial classes"—the classes who are the backbone of any commonwealth. They have been hard to win over to Liberalism. Radical reforms startle the conservative Englishman, and what seems to be a cowardly foreign policy mortifies his pride. Opinions bound up with the traditions of the past are not easily changed, but when once changed they are not readily altered. The dazzling glare of the light which first flashed from Berlin is fading away. The halo that gathered around the purchase of Cyprus is gradually disappearing. Throngs of hungry men unable to procure food or work, large manufacturing establishments with closed doors, failures of long-trusted banking-houses, and loss of commercial supremacy are forcing the thoughtful Englishman to consider questions which sooner or later must be decided. The burdens occasioned by the vast expenditures incurred by an "imperial" foreign policy, and the evils resulting from the willful neglect of important home interests during the last few years, are beginning to oppress the English nation. English statesmanship will be put to a severer test than it has yet been called upon to endure. The Liberal party, with its comprehensive statesmanship, its permanent and substantial reforms of the past, its sturdy following, embracing the men who have the true interest of England most at heart, seems best qualified to grapple with, and rightly determine the vast issues which are arising.

Mr. Gladstone, in his great speech at Greenwich, sounded the bugle note—"This question cannot be settled by injunctions to be dumb, it cannot be settled by military successes, it cannot be settled by Parliamentary majorities; the people of England will

have to take upon themselves the responsibility." * * * *
The "people of England" is the court before which the Liberal party has ever appealed in the past. Once more their venerable leader—upon whose brow cluster all the virtues of the statesman, wisdom of the sage, culture of the gentleman—calls them to their duty. Their past history warrants us in believing that they will hear the call. The future of Liberalism is the future of England.

CHARACTER AND CRITICISM.

A writer in the *Athenæum* reviewing the posthumous *Literary Studies* of a great economist, makes a distinction between æsthetic and psychological criticism. The æsthetic method goes directly to the literary productions themselves, and endeavors to determine their ability to raise the specific literary emotions, and by so endeavoring often reflects the critic's own feelings in the rhythm and beauty of his language. This method devotes all its attention to displaying the individuality of the author; its end, as Mr. Pater puts it, is to find out the "virtue" of any particular literary product. This style of interpretation is the outgrowth of modern thought, and is employed by Lamb, by Swinburne, by Pater, generally by Arnold, and sometimes by Carlyle. The psychological method studies the author rather, and aims to find those qualities of his mind which would produce certain results. Mr. Leslie Stephen in his *Hours in a Library*; Mr. Morley in his monographs on Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot; Mr. Calvert in his *Wordsworth, A Biographic Æsthetic Study*; Mr. Masson, Professor Shairp and Mr. Hutton, pursue this method. Criticism of this kind might rather be

called essays in literary biography. This distinction, however, between the æsthetic and the psychological method is only partly correct, for the elements may be, and more often are, combined, and this union gives what appears to us to be the highest and most complete form of interpretation. In the case of many authors a knowledge of their lives is essential to an understanding of the origin, spirit and influence of their works. While this is true of a single genius, it is more strikingly so of a nation's mind. Imagine a history of literature that studied the separate authors as one would read a glossary, and not as constituents of an organic whole. The problem, then, is to give the right proportion of the inner and of the outer life. These two lives interpenetrate each other, but each must be considered from its own point of view. Fine specimens of this proper combination of the study of the social and of the ideal man are to be found in the critiques of Macaulay, of Taine, and of Henry James, the younger. Take, for instance, Alfred de Musset, who is by no means an extreme case. A knowledge of his life certainly helps us to a comprehension of the wildness of *Rolla*, of the rustic beauty and simplicity of *Frédéric et Bernerette*, of the sensuality of the *Poésies Nouvelles*, and of the misanthropy of *La Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*. When we know his disposition, as far as it can be known; when we know that he engaged successively in the study of medicine, of law, of art and of trade, and that he turned from each with equal disgust; when we know that he was generally poor—that when he obtained any money he spent it in those refinements of dissipation for which Paris is notorious; that when his pocket was empty he retired to the quiet of country life; and that, through the influence of a friend, he held an honorable sinecure—if any sinecure can be honorable—from which he was soon ousted, and to which he was finally restored; when these facts are in our possession we can explain and palliate violations of art and of

morals that would otherwise be inexplicable and utterly damning. If we would understand how—

“Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong.”

and how—

“They learn in suffering what they teach in song,”

we must study extraneous stresses as well as inward dispositions.

An additional reason for the combined examination of the social and of the ideal writer is found in the fact that a literary production loses influence if its author is unworthy of his work. However much certain critics may affect to disregard morality in judging artistic excellence, the truth remains that the power of genius for good is increased by the concomitance of morality in the character of the genius. We can separate the creation from the creator, but any prominent actions or sufferings of the latter will impress our feelings. According to these critics, on the contrary, Bacon—to cite a familiar instance—is to be judged solely by the *Novum Organum*, by the *De Augmentis* and by the *Essays*, not at all by his venality, by his mendacity, by his cruelty and by his betrayal of friendship. To these critics the immorality of Byron, of Gautier and of Bandelaire, as shown in *Don Juan*, in *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and in *Les Fleurs du Mal*, so far from being a fault in the poems, rather adds a zest to skillful execution. Can any one estimate the amount by which Bacon's influence would have been augmented, if Bacon the politician had been worthy of Bacon the scholar? If to the inculcation, he had added the practice of Truth, of Friendship, of Ambition, of Honor and Reputation, he could never have been so justly called—

“The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

Morality is an essential of all art. When man is appealed to, whether in painting, sculpture, prose or poetry, it is as absurd to leave out the moral element in considering the artistic whole, as it would be to prohibit in a prose writing the use of all sentences containing more than twenty words. The teacher of

morals, if he would accomplish the greatest good, must reflect in his life the purity of his precepts; and professedly or really most authors are teachers of morality. A novelist is bound to forward morality as a historian is to promote truth, and his novels can have no stronger abettal than the consistent life of their author. The works of Thackeray command to-day greater respect from educated readers than the works of Dickens elicit, because the life of Thackeray was a purer, kinder, higher life than that of Dickens was. Contrast the different feelings with which Byron and Shelley are now regarded by those who are acquainted with their histories, and notice that this difference is due more to recently-acquired facts about Shelley's character than to the gradual perception of his poetic superiority. The poet is an inculcator of morality, for no one can read a truly great poem without being made better, whether the poem be *The Eve of Saint Angles* or *The Sensitive Plant*, *The Seasons* or *In Memoriam*, *Childe Harold* or *The Excursion*. Any refining influence has a good effect, and the influence of pure poetry is always refining. So in painting and sculpture the defenders of the nude in art are as erroneous in their conclusions as those who disregard morality in literature. The attitude of the artist toward his models is, as a matter of course, different from that of the ordinary observer. Life schools are necessary for the artist to study the human form æsthetically, but it is all wrong to make life schools out of public galleries, as some French art seems to attempt.

We hold, then, that the workman should be considered if we would obtain the truest estimate of the work. When all this nonsense about the divorcement of morality from art has ceased, we can begin in earnest to "build up the Being that we are," until—

"Whate'er we see,

Whate'er we feel, by agency direct
Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse
Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats
Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights
Of love divine, our intellectual soul."

THE REVIVAL AT LIGHTNINGBUG.

Such as *Litninbug* is, you may find it mostly in the same place all the year round. Sometimes a snow-drift, straggling down the valley, makes the precise location of the Bug uncertain; but generally the sagacity of some chilly cow, warming herself on the top of a chimney and chewing pine tree tops, will discover its whereabouts. In summer time it's more cheerful for cows and other visitors. The nine settlers, who own the nine houses, nine pigs, horses, dogs, and muffin-faced youngsters, stand in their nine several doorways and look *Nein* at you, should you want anything. The arrival of the tenth of anything would be provocation enough for number one to go for ever—for the Bug is not of the thrifty kind. In summer they farm, in winter they talk over the Centennial. Scrawlegs "shoemakes a bit," and Jedediah Taperfinger has got a knack at building boats, after the New England or puritanical model. He points with pride to one he made that's "up onto the Reservoi, close to Ninevah," (a place near by). He spent three years making a sail boat to go to the Centennial, elaborating an idea which he had. Arrived at Albany the boat was put in the water for the first time. Having turned completely over, he thought his idea would work better with sand bags. "I guess the deuced old thing'll go now," he remarked, as he threw in a large bag of pebbles, which went completely through the boat. She went right side up after that. She'd go any way at all—being full of water. Tapers found, however, that he was just one month late for the Centennial, so he left the "Wreckless" alongshore and took the next train back to the Bug, having first, however, taken his centennial note-book out, drawn a black line across the first page and put "DAM" at the end of it. That was all he ever wrote in it. Having put the family clock one month and three days faster, he has decided to learn a trade.

Dr. Tobias Quackwater was uncle to Bill Shanks. Bill Shanks,

by a similar process of reasoning, was found to be the Doctor's nephew, and not his niece, as the Doctor constantly said. The Doctor was lank and good natured. He had been more successful than Tapers and had really gone to the Centennial. Having boarded the night steamer at New Haven, but thinking it was the waiting-room, he kept awake till 4 A. M. so as not to miss the boat. When he found out his mistake he could not sleep till he went out and saw "how she moved." He made the remarkable discovery that it went "head foremost," which was the first entry made in *his* diary.

The Doctor was good and kind, and not only could heal the wounds of the flesh, but his words were balm for the wearied mind. He was persuaded of the truth of Scripture, because he'd seen pictures of the identical things therein described, which was conclusive evidence enough for him; for how could they have been made to represent a thing, unless "thet thing were or hed been?" yet beyond this he made no question, but calmly slept during the service. The way the revival came about was this: Dorothy Primrose was taken sick and the Doctor was sent for. He was out, but five minutes from the time of his return was ready to jump in his buggy and be off. As he passes we are first attracted by a stump of a tail, from which hang "in unkempt confusion" five or six stray hairs; the whole of which organization is whisking about at a terrible rate. It is most likely you'll discover the tail before (not in front of, of course,) the horse. The horse is Quixotic, cream colored, and gives one an idea of an erratic stroke of lightning, for he can go like the wind, in defiance of the fact that he has dragon eyes with white pupils. When he goes fast his neck curves upward. You can't see his tail at all, which has a compound motion. So irregular is it all that they call this rig the "Lightninbug and Lightninbuggy." The Doctor, however, may be said to "play Thunder" with the above character. He certainly did that day. He made no remark to the lad who stopped him to remark that his wheel seemed to be going round—he simply cut him with the

whip. Arrived at the cross-roads he did not hesitate, but took the short one over the hill, just five miles to Dorothy's. It must be said he felt a little vexed at his delays; among other things he had placed his foot on the step or intending to do so, gave a furious kick, which sent him sprawling over the buggy, thereby losing his breath and almost dislocating his knee; he was really mad when he did get in to find one trace still lose. Cambyeses, the pink horse, waited for nought, till he got well up the hill, where he struck a new atmosphere. As the Doctor, bug and buggy, turned a corner, a nice little precipice on one side, a dreadful bank with Doré roots on the other, the cross-roads four miles and a-half behind him, they came upon something the Doctor had met before. It was only a little animal in the road—exactly in the middle. It scared Cambyeses a bit, but not the Doctor, who thought first of the whip, then he thought of the animal and he put the whip back. He stood off and threw stones. The little beast ran nearer as each one fell, apparently anxious to see what was going on, while the Doctor stepped a little further back and began to think of burying Cambyeses forever. He stopped the stone business. By backing his horse down hill one and a-half miles, he could turn around. He might tie the horse to a Doré, climb round about the beast and walk. He tied the horse and climbed the bank—he stepped on a piece of earth that gave way—he caught hold of a blackberry bush and sat down on a thistle. He stepped on a fallen sapling, which bent and struck Cambyeses on the nose with such force as to make him cut up all kinds of antics. He clambered round and at length came out on the road to find the road completely deserted by the enemy. For the first time he smiled, and coming back to the buggy got in. Once more the enemy makes a furious dart for the hole in the road, strengthened, it appeared, by the intermission. The Doctor's heart sunk. He folded his cloak about him, got down in the bottom of the wagon and became desperate. Cambyeses, snorting under a terrible lash, made one dive—so did the animal who went over the side of the road

forever—for the pink thing, dashing along, was enough to scare any animal of delicate sensibilities. The Doctor laughed to think what a fool he was, and arrived without other adventure. Next Sunday "Doc" sat in church and they noticed the smile that played about his lips as the parson announced as his text the words, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." He kept his eyes open that day, and when it was all over he rose and remarked he'd "jus' like ter say that's so!" The mention likewise of Noah's ark, which he supposed, with good reason, went right side up, convinced Tapers that nothing but divine mercy could have done it, so they gathered Tapers in. Scrawlegs, too, with a new pair of shoes on, having walked eighteen miles for a drink, found the shop shut up. He went, therefore, and joined the temperance league out of spite—remarking, while he signed the pledge, that it took only *three* miles to a league, but *eighteen* to a drink. They had prayer meetings for three weeks when the spirit of progression overtook them all, and they've got a drug store of their own where they all gather, armed with prescriptions, "Rx—Whiskey, 1dram. Dr. Tobias Quack-water."

A REMEMBRANCE.

As oft, from out some dark and fragrant wood,
There comes to travelers a sweet perfume,
An exhalation of a Summer's bloom,
Borne on the wind's light wings from solitude,—
So, from the darker wood we name the Past,
Come fragrant memories of happy hours—
Of happy hours, which bloom and die like flowers;
How sweet our dreaming could their beauty last!

THE WALTZ.

"Form for dancing," and, gaily advancing,
The partners take the floor;
The lights are gleaming, the music streaming
In waves the high hall o'er;
And the softening light of the moonlit night
Steals in at the open door.

Rapidly speeding, and all unheeding
The magical flight of time ;
Whirling and dashing, swaying and flashing,
An ocean of motion sublime ;
While the rhythmical beat of the dancing feet
Reverberates 'round in a chime.

Faster and faster, flying now faster,
Racing the hurrying hours
While beauty enhances the whirl of the dances ;—
Perfumes from the languishing flowers
Exhale their rich essence with sweet evanescence,
Like the breath of the mid-summer showers.

The night is waning, the throng remaining
Abandon the brilliant scene ;
The stars are glistening, the trees stand listening
In the moonlight's dying sheen ;
And the wind rehearses in measured verses
Its plaint 'neath the branches green.

And, to my fancy, the necromancy,
And charm of the silent night
Returns like a trance, and the fairy dance
Moves on before my sight,
Till my memory dances in mazy romances,
In the Past's fast waning light.

ARNOLD AND TAINE.

Among the many efforts that have recently been made to popularize learning, none is deserving of more praise than a brief summary of English Literature, by Mr. Thomas Arnold, which the Messrs. Appleton have re-published from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. To those for whom the great work of M. Taine is too exhaustive, this little *brochure* will be instructive and interesting, and to the readers of the Frenchman's History it will have the value of an entertaining synopsis. But Mr.

Arnold in some of his endeavors to correct the mistakes of M. Taine, weakens an otherwise excellent treatise, for his objections are generally trivial, and he errs himself as widely surely on the mooted points as M. Taine does. That the latter critic has faults, and some grave faults, all, perhaps, are aware. But that his stricture of Sir Walter Scott for misrepresenting history in his historical novels, is one of these errors, we are by no means certain. If such an objection is unwarrantable, then we must sanction the partisan tirades, wrongly called "historical romances" of "Louisa Mühlbach" (Clara Mundt), and since interest and not truth is the desideratum, we must place *Henry Esmond* and *Romola* on the same level with *The Empress Josephine*. As it seems to us, the historical novelist is under the same obligation to be faithful to history that the ordinary novelist is to advocate morality. Again, no one judgment of M. Taine has been more assailed, so much so that it has become proverbial in speaking of his *Literature*, than his criticism on Milton. We do not feel competent to praise the correctness or to condemn the flippancy of this judgment, but it appears to be a more appreciative estimate of Milton than Mr. Arnold has given us. This lukewarmness on the part of the Englishman is a little surprising when we remember how decided he is in his disapproval of M. Taine's opinion on some minor questions. Is Milton gradually slipping down from that unapproachable height of excellence to which his countrymen have raised him? Mr. Arnold's judgment seems to indicate this, and certainly there are not now wanting critics who find rivals of Milton among the poets of the present century. It remains to be seen whether the decision of M. Taine is not to be more in accordance with the opinion of the next century than it has been with the voice of the generation now passing away.

Although not successful in some of his attempted corrections, Mr. Arnold has composed a sensible epitome. His style has the simplicity without the beauty of his father's writing. But it is granted to few to be the artists in prose that Mr. Matthew

Arnold is. In general the restraining influence of the book is good. While M. Taine has rendered the same service to the English that M. Ginguen  has to the Italians, that Mr. Lewes has to the Germans, and that Mr. Ticknor has to the Spaniards, yet his point of view was very different not only from ours, but also from that of contemporary France. A foreign critic has advantages over us; but although he may escape the ruts into which we sink, there is still the prejudice of race that will always crop out in writing of this kind. M. Taine's History, however, seems destined to hold its foremost rank as a remarkably entertaining, sound and exhaustive exposition of a subject which is more usually treated, perhaps, in a dull, senseless and an incomplete manner. As a gallery of pictures it is worthy of Macaulay; as a statement of philosophical views it is, we think, superior to the fruitful theories of Buckle. Until it is superseded, which will probably not soon happen, just such supplements as this treatise of Mr. Arnold will be of great value as aids to the study of the fuller manual.

HOW WE SAVED THE "FAVORITA."

In the Autumn of 1875, I, Ned Sutton, nephew of Robert Sutton, of Liverpool, sailed from that port on board the ship "Favorita," bound for Hang Chow, China, with a miscellaneous cargo, there to discharge it, and thence to coast to the southward to Amoy, picking up a rice cargo. Two years previous, in my uncle's yacht "Greyhound," I had sailed around the world, and coasted from Shanghai to Hong Kong, as my uncle wished to visit the principal rice ports, and judge for himself of their different characteristics. Our yacht voyage had so won me to sea life that I joyfully accepted my uncle's commission to visit the rice coast again, my duty being to attempt some arrangements

by which our ships could be aided in procuring cargoes, and rice transported from the interior with more regularity. The "Favorita" was an old-fashioned, full-modeled ship of 1600 tons burthen, staunch, and well found. Her captain was a thorough seaman when beyond the reach of liquor, but arrack was his besetting temptation, and the ship was virtually under the mate's charge when on the coast. Capt. Thompson had been warned by the owners, and I had instructions to ascertain the extent of his intemperance, and report to headquarters. The mate, Mr. Griffin, was an old "stickle back," a "real old whale," who had been in the "Favorita" since she was launched, believed in her, and swore by her. I brought one man aboard, a Scotchman named Billy Black, about my own age, with whom I had formed quite an intimacy on board the "Greyhound." He was a thorough-bred seaman, and was reckoned the best wheel, especially in a gale of wind, the "Greyhound's" crew possessed; when the yacht laid up for repairs, he was happy to ship in the "Favorita," learning that I was to sail, and although he lived forward and I aft, we had many a yarn together. We carried six able European sailors, and a gang of Lascars, ruled by a villainous-looking old *serang* whose proficiency in the use of an iron belaying-pin as a corrective instrument was certainly striking. We had an uneventful and slow voyage from Liverpool, with no mishap until a few days before reaching the coast, when we lost our best canvas in a white squall. The sails had been bent to become pliable before we began coasting, as sudden gales prevail on the coast, which necessitate quick work in reefing. The "old man" had evidently begun his potations, and in the squall held on to his topsails until they blew out of the bolt ropes. The old sails, which had been used in the trades, were bent, and we ran into Hang Chow bay and anchored. After discharging our cargo, we sailed in ballast for Wanchow Bay. The "old man" had been "bowsing up his jib pretty taut," and had been intoxicated daily. The new topsails had not been finished, and we sailed but poorly prepared to work off a lee-shore, as the pre-

vailing gales blow up very suddenly from the northeast. Our first night out Billy called my attention to a light on the star-board bow. "Do you remember that?" he asked; "it's Ningpo light, and the old man is keeping her too close in shore. There's a nasty point down here a bit, and in the 'Greyhound,' if you recollect, we stood out to double it. If it comes on to blow, he can't work her off with this rotten muslin," and he pointed to the old topsails. I agreed with Billy, but as Capt. Thompson was drunk in his cabin, I thought words from me would only enrage him, as he had showed displeasure at my knowledge of his sprees at Hang Chow. At daylight, there was some dirty scud in the north, and at eight bells, a northeaster had set in. The old man kept the "Favorita" along shore until noon, when he appeared, and ordered her brought up by the wind. The sight of the point beyond Ningpo on his lee-bow may have hastened him. As she came up to the wind, the fore-topsail said "Good bye" with a bang; our main-topmast staysail did likewise, and large eyes appeared in the main-topsail. This was close-reefed and secured, as were the spanker and fore-topmast staysail, which was the strongest sail on the ship, being nearly new. Light as we were, presenting the vessel's side to the gale, we made rapid leeway. "He'll be ashore in two hours at this rate," said Griffin, and the captain had recourse to repeated draughts of arrack. As he perceived his danger, he became frantic with excitement, which found vent in oaths and confused commands, resembling the ravings of a maniac. I found Billy on the fore-castle, peering away towards shore. "What can we do; put Griffin in command?" I asked. "No, sir; take command yourself; we are the only ones aboard who've ever been so near this shore. Mr. Griffin has never seen this coast. Mr. Ned," he continued, "if you remember, the 'Three Sisters' lie off there," pointing to leeward, "and the 'Favorita's' bones will be there by sundown if we don't take her through the channel." I remembered that three rocky islands, called the Sisters, lay quite close to shore, and just to the north of the furthest of them projected a

point, under whose shelter was good anchorage. The "Greyhound" had run through the channel between the islands, and anchored under the lee of the point; and as the "Favorita" was light, we hoped to take her through. Just beyond the islands were dangerous shoals, and our only hope lay in threading the passage and anchoring. "Mr. Ned," said Billy, "if the old ship's agoing to be saved, you must do it." "Will you stand by me, Billy?" "Aye, aye, sir." "Then we'll save her." I made my way to the mate. "Mr. Griffin, I'm going to take command of the ship; I've been here, and have authority from the owners; will you see me through with it?" "Yes, sir," answered old Griffin. "Then watch your chance when the captain goes below, lock him in his room, and send the steward to watch him." Griffin disappeared aft, and I said to Billy, "Take the wheel," and sent a man to stand by his lee wheel. I made the *serang* understand that he was to obey me by referring him to a revolver, for which he had a great respect. Taking a glass, I cautiously crawled up the lee rigging, and through the mist and spray, caught a glimpse of the two northern Sisters. There was a tremendous sea running, and as she drove into it, every timberhead creaked and groaned, and rising, with a send to leeward, she seemed to shake herself in preparation for the next. Let the reader understand that the ship now headed about north-east by east, and was going to leeward rapidly. The two northern Sisters lay in a line parallel with the vessel; beyond them, directly south, lay Sannum Point, and a little to the southeast of that, the third Sister. Our hope rested in passing between the northern Sisters, bracing up sharp to weather the point, and to escape the third Sister, and dropping anchor under the lee of the point. I made Griffin understand my plan, and stationed him at the weather-gangway to pass my orders forward. "Put your helm up," I yelled to Billy. "Square away your yards" (to Griffin); "slack away your sheets," and the old girl tossed her head at the waves, finished her curtsy to the head seas into which she had been pounding, and, as the yards swung round

with a creak, began to travel toward the Sisters. "Meet her! meet her!" (to Billy.) "Belay all" (to Griffin,) and we rolled down between the islands. I then asked Griffin to see both bowers cleared away, and some ranges of cable laid along the decks, to be ready to anchor immediately on rounding to. "Mr. Sutton, you won't anchor, will you?" he exclaimed in amazement. "It's anchor or go ashore, and the holding ground is good under the lee of the point." "All right, sir; you're in command. I take no responsibility for this business." The point was now visible on our starboard bow, and the green water which warned us of the shoals, rolled out from under her counter in a long wake of curling foam. "Time to come about," thought I. "Are those anchors clear?" "Aye, aye, sir." "Stand by your sheets and braces." With a "Hard a lee" to Billy, and "Hard away" to Griffin, I watched her as she slowly came up to the wind, as if wearied with the conflict, yet willing to close for a final grapple with her old enemy. If we now weathered the third Sister, we would be safe under the lee of the point, in good anchorage to ride out the gale. Griffin came aft with a more anxious look on his honest, weather-beaten face. "Do you think she'll do it, Mr. Sutton?" he asked. "Doubtful. Will she bear a little more canvas?" "We might try the spenser," he answered. "Well, get it on her; it can't do worse than blow away." Griffin routed out the shivering Lascars from the lee of the long boat, manned sheet and outhaul, and at the word, brails being cut loose, the sheet was ridden down. The "Favorita," feeling the power of this new canvas, forged ahead. Billy's eyes were fixed on her bow as she rose and fell, and on the fring of breakers which showed the dreaded lee shore of the fatal third Sister. The three black Fates they had been, and would we escape them all? Straight and swiftly sails the old ship, a steady hand on her helm. She is making it, and already rides more easily in the smoother water behind the point. "Stand by to let go both anchors. Hard a lee!" and she headed straight into the wind. As she ceased to forge ahead,

came the order, "Let go." "All gone," Griffin's deep voice replied, and almost with the words came the heavy plunge of the anchors, and the rattle of the chain through the hawse pipes. "Give her twenty-five fathoms, Mr. Griffin." The cables tautened, the anchors held, and the "Favorita" was saved.

VOICES.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, perhaps, that to Thomas Jefferson is due the introduction of the study of Anglo-Saxon into this country. Such an educational reform is not unworthy to be compared with his more widely-known political achievements. Through the kindness of our Professor in Anglo-Saxon, I recently saw an original quarto copy of the work, entitled "*An Essay on the Anglo-Saxon*, by Thomas Jefferson." The philological discernment shown in this treatise is remarkable for the time in which it was written. A few selections are given below—

"I was led to set a due value on the study of the Northern languages and especially of our Anglo-Saxon, while I was a student of the law, by being obliged to recur to that source for explanation of a multitude of law terms.

"The importance of the Anglo-Saxon dialect towards a perfect understanding of the English language seems not to have been duly estimated by those charged with the education of youth, and yet it constitutes, at this day, the basis of our language.

"Although since the Norman Conquest it has received vast additions from the Latin, Greek, French and Italian languages, yet these are but engraftments on its idiomatic stem; its original structure and syntax remain the same. Hence the necessity of

making it a regular branch of academic education. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was assiduously cultivated by a host of learned men, but for a century past it has been too much neglected."

In a postscript he writes: "In the year 1818, by authority of the Legislature of Virginia, a plan for the establishment of a University was prepared and proposed. In that plan the Anglo-Saxon language was comprehended as a part of the circle of instruction, and these pages were then committed to writing for the use of the University."

IT WAS WASHINGTON IRVING who said that young men ought not to pay attention to the current literature of the day. The good would last, the useless quickly find the waste basket. However excellent in general this rule may be, like all good rules it has exceptions. The oration delivered by George William Curtis on the "Life, Character and Writings of William Cullen Bryant" comes under this class. It will well repay the reading of anyone young or old. Mr. Bryant held a peculiarly exalted position in American politics, literature and society. Around him clustered the culture, the refinement, the learning of the mighty metropolis of the New World. He was a representative American. Who could properly speak of him? Mr. Curtis was chosen. In the opening words of his address he said: "When Cooper died the restless city paused to hear Bryant's words of praise and friendship. When Irving followed Cooper, all hearts turned to Bryant"—and he might have added, when Bryant died all hearts turned to Curtis as the one who would best give a just estimate of the poet, and render the proper tribute to the character and worth of the man whom all Americans delighted to honor. Few, however, were prepared for such a work of art as Mr. Curtis has given. Active participation in politics, hastily-written newspaper articles, political addresses de-

livered without much thought or care, are supposed to militate against the work of the scholar and the critic. Yet this oration shows no traces of anything but the most scholarly attainments. Its chaste diction, felicitous quotation, lofty imagination, discriminating criticism and clear incisive thought stamp it as the work of an artist. It is a finished piece of workmanship. His admiration for the man has not blinded his judgment in estimating the poet. Every part is so delicately handled that each has its due proportion. He traces the course of Bryant's life from boyhood to old age: a theme "familiar as the mountain or the sea," and yet as we walk with him we see sights we never saw before. The influences which moulded Bryant's early life; the weird fancies and strange puritanical spirit that found expression in "*Thanatopsis*"—the high literary merit of that wonderful poem and its place in our literature—the struggles of the young lawyer, editor, poet; the unflinching patriotism of the stern days of his manhood; and the picture of the old man moving among the masses of the great city, with character and life "pure as the dew-drop and sweet as the morning"—all this, and more, is told with graphic power, artistic skill and poetic beauty. No one who wishes to obtain a clear view of the rise and growth of American literature; no one who has read Bryant—and what scholar has not? no one who values a just and comprehensive criticism, set in the best English that our language affords, can banish this work from his library. The whole is so complete that we fear to quote. We give a single passage from his treatment of the "Salient features of Bryant's genius," in the hopes that it may lead the reader to a further perusal:—

"Not the false simplicity that sometimes betrays Wordsworth; nor the lurid melodrama of Byron; nor the ærial fervor of Shelley; nor the luxuriant beauty of Keats; nor the felicity and richness of Tennyson, who has revealed the flexibility and picturesqueness and modulated music of the English language, not all these touched in the least the verse of Bryant. * * The

genius of Bryant, not profuse and imperial, neither intense with dramatic passion nor throbbing with lyrical fervor, but calm, meditative, pure, has its true symbol among his native hills, a mountain spring untainted by mineral or slime of earth or reptile venom, cool, limpid and serene."

THE *Princetonian* of January 30th contained a very sensible article on our "Athletic Interests," and urged upon the College the necessity of supporting our reputation in this department. In addition to this, why cannot we have a gymnastic contest with other colleges? This has been advocated before, but has ended in talk. We have always boasted of having the finest gymnasium and the largest number, and the best gymnasts, of any College in the country. And this is no idle boast. Why not, then, let them be seen outside of Princeton? There has never been a time which seems so well fitted for starting this enterprise as the present. Yale has always had a fine gymnasium, we have just had ours enlarged and greatly improved, and Harvard is soon to have as fine a one as either Yale or ourselves. Columbia, too, I think, has a very good one. Then, again, each class now in college has quite a number of excellent gymnasts, and many more are developing in the lower classes. Would it not be feasible to appoint this term a committee, of which Mr. Goldie should be a member, to confer with the other colleges about this matter? If an *annual* contest could be established, it could take place in the gymnasium of each college upon alternate years. But this, of course, with the matter of prizes, etc., will have to be settled hereafter. Mr. Goldie has frequently expressed his approval of establishing this contest, and, if once started, I believe that it would soon equal in interest either baseball or foot-ball. It would bring out among us more gymnasts, and would spur on those we already have to greater excellency. Why not try it?

A WRITER in the December number of the *LIT.* shows the place of oratory in debate to be high, historic and necessary. But while he gave an excellent exposition of the relation of the two in general, he omitted to say whether or not his remarks were aimed at an evil threatening Princeton literary life. He made it possible for us to consider his article an observation merely of a fact in the history of debate, and even a commendation of what we might think our present course. He should have clinched his theme by an application to our needs. And those needs are sufficiently large to be easily clinched. Debate here is all logic and no rhetoric. We have either been educated or have educated ourselves to the belief that the essence of debate is a calm, clear, orderly, well-analyzed presentation of facts and views. The Princeton debater appeals altogether to the intellect, the reasoning faculty of his hearers, and not at all to their emotional, artistic nature. His speeches are pencil outlines, not paintings; they are skeletons, not statues.

This is not meant to be a sweeping assertion that every debater produced here is of this unchangeable type. Some fine oratorical passages might be culled from the Lynde Debates. Speakers that can mingle oratory with reason have been listened to with relish. But the fact still stands boldly out that such speakers are considered phenomena. Such debating is commented on as unusual. Oratory is regarded as belonging to the accidents, not the essence of debate.

Exactly this might be expected from the nature of our situation. Ninety-nine out of one hundred discourses delivered here in public are either repeated from memory or read, and have been carefully written, more carefully re-written, and polished and re-polished with the extreme care which springs from the consciousness that the production is to be submitted to one of the most critical audiences in America. Speakers and hearers have acquired a taste wonderfully sensitive to violations of correctness. In this atmosphere, fed by the Lynde Prize Debates, debating has shot up in our midst with the suddenness and to

the size of the mustard tree. As might be expected, the tree is like the air in which it has grown. The young debater, in all the speaking and criticism about him, found correctness held up as the supreme quality to be sought. However, the speakers pointed out to him as models, might lack burning oratory, they never made a mistake in pronunciation or rhetoric. He found an audience which often tolerated prosiness with correctness, but never tolerated fire and zeal without it. In Hall and out of Hall he sought to acquire correctness first and oratory next. The consequence is that he has never got beyond correctness.

The truth is, extempore addresses must be judged by thoroughly different laws from those applied to written ones. A person in making a ready, brain-to-tongue orator of himself, must expect to get off a hundred mixed metaphors, a hundred strained similes, to violate syntax a thousand times. His audience must expect him to do the same. It is folly, the depth of absurdity for them to demand of him to clothe off-hand thought, in off-hand oratorical language as polished as the periods of Cicero. It is hard for a young man to say anything extempore, it is harder for him to give a calm, accurate statement of an argument, but it is impossible for him on the spur of the moment to pile climax on climax, metaphor on antithesis, to mix logic and rhetoric and language with the rapidity with which the tongue can move, and make no error, and when the Princeton audience, in Hall or town, expects the young debater to do this, it expects an impossibility.

Extempore speaking is the most valuable possession of a public speaker. We can obtain it by a more generous criticism of each other's off-hand attempts, by a less frequent characterization of them as rants and Fourth of July speeches, by taking vitally different views of what they should be. Others who hear us can aid us by ceasing to dissect the inaccuracies which invariably and necessarily accompany early attempts at extempore oratory, with the same unfeeling, machine-like strictness used to test the results of a lifetime of intellectual labor by the great thinkers of the age.

IN COMMON with many other similar noisy privileges, collegians have always claimed and exercised the right to applaud with the foot. No building has been sacred enough to protect itself from the heel of the student. On what this claim is rested, nobody knows. It always has been so, it always will be so, it always must be so, is the only logic than can be brought in its defence. At a lecture in the church at home, no one would think of turning his feet into sledge hammers, the floor into an anvil, and choking those that surround him with a cloud of dust. When he attends a lecture at College he becomes a different person, as far as applause is concerned; whereas, before he felt that he must not, now he feels that he must make the floor ring and the roof shake.

But whether the age of this custom excuses its rowdyism, is a subject different from what we meant to discuss. Age cannot, in the least, excuse the habit of applause by foot, hand and mouth, in the middle of College orations delivered in public, because this habit has been formed in the last few years. However noble, soul-inspiring, body-enlivening the sentiments embodied in '76's chapel stages, the audience found it possible to restrain themselves till the close of the oration. But in last year's Junior orator contest, and in this year's chapel stage as well, as soon as the orator rose to one of his heights, the influence on hearers was instantaneous and wonderful. Classic applause, we have learned from Horace, is that produced "by hand running to meet hand." But nowhere have we learned that applause, which we have recently had, is even civilized. If the speaker takes it as sincere, he accustoms himself in College to a stimulus which he will get nowhere else, except when on the stump; if he regard it as insincere, nothing could better ruin his effort. Hearers and heard are bound to unite to strangle in its youth this habit so dangerous in its tendency.

WE HAVE NOTICED in past numbers of *The Princetonian* articles intended to satirize the follies and foibles of Princeton and its society. As for us these articles are intended as pieces of genial humor, having no personal application, and placing in a happy and mirthful light the *contretemps* of a young man's entrance into society—they are enjoyable and in good taste. In *The Princetonian* of January 30th, in noting several of the most objectionable features of Chapel Stage, a writer has occasion to mention the ladies who have been kind enough to honor Chapel Stage speakers with their presence. It is possible that no disparagement of these visitors was intended, but they are mentioned in connection with the disagreeable features of Chapel Stage, and in language hardly courteous. Genuine, kindly humor is enjoyable, and never discourteous to its subject; but there is a style of humor which relies upon rude comments on age, personal appearance and other characteristics which the tacit charity of refinement notices only in silence. No one questions the tedium of Chapel Stage, and ladies who take sufficient interest in the appearance of a student to hear a long division speak, to listen to him in turn, or who are kind enough to attend regularly because of a general interest in College affairs, certainly give evidence of a courteous interest which should be received as a compliment. There is prevalent among College students a disregard of the rights and feelings of town residents, which is certainly not sanctioned by the culture of the homes from which students come. The true gentleman receives courtesy and kindness as they are intended, and not to afford themes for satire. While the proximity of home may render a College man independent of society, and his time may be so taken that he cannot avail himself of social courtesies, yet when courtesy and kindness are shown, either to individual, class or College, it is not the part of gentlemen to receive them as a butt for satiric wit, personal ridicule or press criticism.

EDITORIAL.

Among persons not acquainted with the inside life of colleges a certain idea prevails in regard to college sentiment and morals which is not only erroneous, but injurious to the reputation of institutions of learning, and to the students of these institutions. This false opinion is instilled in the minds of parents by certain well known books on college life, or by double-leaded, truth-diluted accounts of college scrapes, which it is the delight of certain newspapers to furnish; the average preparatory student gets a like false impression from the fabulous tales of student life that float through all grades of story papers, from the sentimental *Waverly* to the sensational *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*. There is another class of young persons whom neither of the above would reach, namely, the strictly studious, conscientious, perhaps, overly sensitive youth, who would never think of wasting his time by reading any story paper whatever; but the avenue through which he is reached is the Sunday-school book of the regulation type. Many of these (there are some good ones) abound with stories of college boys and customs that are as injurious in their way as some of the cheap papers. They cannot be true to life, for they are for the most part written by women who have, perhaps, once or twice passed through a college campus, and gazed in horror at the sights revealed. Or, perhaps, some man, who has sailed through college under false colors, and on that account been ridiculed by his fellows, deems himself a martyr to virtue, and therefore relates his noble life as a shining example to young men about to enter college.

If we could, condense the various characters of these books

and papers into classes they would probably be of the two following types: The first class, or awfully wicked, with Billy Slasher as its representative, and the moral, upright class with Johnny St. Raymond at its head. Billy has thousands of dollars in his pocket, and spends it freely; he sports a tobacco quid under his left jaw, and a budding rum-blossom on his proboscis; his language is mainly oaths, his favorite beverage is stone-fence, his all-absorbing recreation is gambling, his week-day reading, dime novels or worse, and his Sunday employment, Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, as a literary seasoning to numerous fishing, hunting or sleighing excursions. But his chief vices are his inveterate hatred of any one who is better than himself, and his open scoffings and covert artifices against those who are in the least moral or religious. On the other hand, Johnny St. Raymond is a model boy; he talks like a *Brown's Grammar of Grammar's*, and his nose is of the Grecian model; Johnny is not wealthy, and, consequently, takes his cold water straight; his all-absorbing recreation is *Butler's Analogy*, his favorite poetry for week-days, *Young's Night Thoughts*, and his Sunday reading *Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs*. Now, mark how the wily Slasher tortures this model boy; he at first greets him with smiles, and invites him around to his room. There Johnny is initiated into the mysteries of poker under the impression that it is "old maid," and the beauties of stone-fence are revealed under the pretence of sweet cider. When he becomes aware of the deception he flees the evil, and ever after leads a life of wretchedness and self-sacrifice. He is sneered at for his poverty, jeered at for his religion, and utterly despised and friendless (for in this class of books more than a handful of moral men are not to be dreamed of.)

This is the picture, and it is as far from the reality as the modern society novel is from real life. Under false impressions from the above sources noble-hearted parents are put in perfect agony at the thought of sending their sons to college, and the sons, if inclined to the evil, deem it their duty to model them-

selves after refined Bill Slashers ; while the moral or religious young man comes to college with the idea that he is about to suffer continual martyrdom for his good deeds. Happily, most of them soon lose this idea, but there are some of weak will and morbid sensibility whom it continually haunts, and they lead a life of such hypocrisy and miserable vacillation that they are frequently despised by their fellow-students, and their supposed martyrdom becomes a reality.

It is time for people outside to know that college morality is at least equal to that of any community of the same degree of intelligence. A church-member in college is not respected for his profession, but for the life he leads in accordance with it ; the moralist is not honored for his preaching, but for practising what he preaches ; neither is the rich man honored for his riches or the poor man ridiculed for his poverty. The one thing that collegians will not tolerate is *hypocrisy*, and owing to their close associations with each other the hypocrite is soon discovered. *These* are the men who do undergo a sort of mild purgatory, and it would be good for humanity if the same system prevailed in the world at large. As a class college-men are warm-hearted in their affections, liberal in their sentiments, frank and open in their actions ; they honor principle and hate deceit.

We are disposed to attack our system of recitations, particularly during Senior year. It is certainly supposable that a student who has spent three years at college may have impulses for honest study of which he should like to take advantage. There is no single branch, either in Junior or Senior year, which will not suggest interesting and profitable research to each and every student. The proportion of those unmoved by higher and more worthy motives is very small, and should be

insignificant, for it is plainly wrong to deprive so large a body of students of real advantages, only to keep a few idlers busy. And what those need who in their endeavors aim at useful things is not that a fitful and erratic interest, now feeble, now intense, should be gotten. There is no secret of successful work in irregular and untimely interruptions. To tell the truth, the evening is the only time in which one can study with any application. An hour taken for recitation in the afternoon, even a chapel exercise, coming just when it does, is not only distracting, but, by the small amount of time left on either side of it, is discouraging to all such work as requires time for concentrated thought or the elaboration of ideas. Those Seniors who, by their electives, chance to have one or two afternoons to themselves, can appreciate the value of this, for they have experienced its good results. Can there be any possible objection to allowing a Senior as much time as he asks for? Is there any real and plausible argument against holding all our recitations and lectures at one time in the morning? On the contrary, there is every argument for it. There is no doubt that the great amount of work which can be done at the German Universities is due to this method of concentration; we feel equally certain that if our system is vicious in anything, it is the ceaseless call which keeps one forever rushing out to recitation. To place the required recitations first and have them followed by an elective—to contrive any method by which they can be consecutive and compact—would be to introduce a popular reform into the curriculum, and to do away with the present plan, which has nothing at all to recommend it.

Having inquired into the matter of the billiard tables, spoken of in our last issue, we are enabled to state exactly what has been done with them. When seized with a desire to play billiards, the hotel company tried to hire one of the College tables last

year. The table was found to be in bad repair, and was allowed to go, upon condition of its being refitted. As the hotel changed its aims, the project of having a public billiard hall entered its mind, and, by an agreement similar to the former one, the hotel took all four of the C. N. J. tables, had them refitted, and now uses them. Nothing has been paid for them yet, nor any price fixed, nor even has it been decided that they shall be sold. At the next trustee meeting the matter will come up and the hotel will probably become possessor of the tables. In order, however, that no privilege should be shown the hotel, which, we have been assured, has no connection whatever with the College, we should like to use our privileges, and, in a matter so nearly related to the students, suggest that if these tables are sold they should be sold at auction to the highest bidder, and the proceeds be generously given to the students. It will still be questionable, even then, if the College is acting as it should, unless they forbid us strictly to use the tables. For they have done all they could to prevent us from visiting the other billiard halls in town. If they were not then to add to the hotel the "index expurgatorius" of the students' haunts, they would manifest an unwarrantable piece of favoritism, which would be unworthy of them; and if they do allow the tables to be sold to a public house, they not only know the students will go there, whether forbidden or not, but they will make a public confession that they had no good reasons for taking them away from us—in which case it were better to put them back where they were before. If, however, they can stretch their consciences so far as to sell them, we still hold that the only proper use to be made of the money would be to give it to the students, to fit them up a ball field of their own, or to pay the debts of their associations, which weigh so heavily upon them at this time.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

REVIEW OF THE NEWS OF THE MONTH.

PRIZES for Senior Essays, Clio Hall—Harold Godwin, N. Y., first; Wm. B. Seeley, N. Y., second.

JANUARY 18TH—Sleigh-ride of the immortal twenty-four to Trenton. Ambuscade, capture, imprisonment, arraignment, fines—liberty once more; grand howl from the press.

JANUARY 23D—Reception by President and Mrs. McCosh to the Seniors.

JANUARY 26TH—Sad death by railway accident of William Vaughan, of the Junior Class, School of Science.

JANUARY 30TH—Day of Prayer for Colleges. Sermons afternoon and evening by the Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, of New York.

JANUARY 31ST—Concert at Elizabeth by the Instrumental Club and the College Quartette.

FEBRUARY 3D—Competitive Debate in Whig Hall. Prize awarded to James H. McConkey, Pa., '80. Honorable mention of Henry F. Greene, Md., and Richard F. Conover, N. J., both of '80.

FEBRUARY 6TH—Clio Hall Debate. Fletcher Durell, N. J., '79, first; Peter J. Hamilton, Ala., '79, second. Honorable mention of Paul Van Dyke, N. Y., '81.

FEBRUARY 7TH—Clio Hall Contest in Sophomore Orations. Paul Van Dyke, N. Y., first prize; David A. Haynes, D. C., second prize.

FEBRUARY 8TH—Junior reception by Dr. and Mrs. McCosh.

FEBRUARY 12TH—The first of a series of four lectures by General Cesnola, before the College. Subject—"Cyprus: Its Ancient Arts and History."

FEBRUARY 15TH—President and Mrs. McCosh's reception to the Sophomores. C. H. DODGE, '79, sailed lately, in company with P. R. Pyne, Jr., '78, for a visit to Cuba and Mexico.

THE SOPHOMORES have elected Mr. Walter I. McCoy to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Scribner from the committee upon the reception. The Faculty, contrary to the expectation of every one, has refused to

permit the Gymnasium to be used for the reception. It will probably, therefore, be held at the University Hotel.

"IT IS SAID that the Japanese girls in Vassar bathe four times a day. Now, inasmuch as these Japanese are daughters of great men, and a novelty in the institution, this may set a new and not bad fashion among the students."—*Ex.*—Severe upon the Vassar girls—very!

TUTOR GEORGE BRUCE HALSTED has gone to Baltimore to receive the degree of Ph. D., at the hands of the Johns Hopkins University.

DR. STORRS, of Brooklyn, will deliver his course of eight lectures to the students of the Theological Seminary, on the subject of "Saint Bernard and His Times," in the First Presbyterian Church, in order to accommodate students of the College and townspeople who may wish to attend. Beginning February 17th, the lectures will be given on Monday evenings, at 7½ o'clock, and Tuesdays, at 12 M., until completed.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS is announced to read in the M. E. Church on Wednesday evening, February 19th. Her name is her best advertisement, and the reception given her at her last visit to Princeton is a guarantee of a full house this time. We regret that the prejudice of our Presbyterianism against anyone who has appeared behind the foot-lights prevents her being allowed to read in an auditorium worthy of her talents as an elocutionist.

GRADUATION SPEECHES are due from the Seniors at the beginning of the next session. The Faculty has decided to alter the previous custom to the extent of taking into consideration the quality of the speeches, as well as rank in the class, in making appointments for Commencement.

A NEWSPAPER REPORTER, inquiring on the campus for a certain Senior, prominent in athletics, described him as having "a figure somewhat bent." Oh! yes, very much bent—along the ground. The reporter did not know that the Senior had a small-sized rotunda scooped out of his ceiling just above the foot of his bed.

THE EVENING POST, in a recent article upon "Old Newspapers," has the following:—

"In 1790, the wits amused themselves, with the efforts of Congress to find an abiding place, and when that body left New York they sang—

" 'Must Congress go? Corinna cry'd,
And I not yet fifteen?
Julia's a Congressman's sweet bride,
So should I soon have been.

" 'How old are you? Fourteen last May.
Oh then feel no chagrin;
An even bet one safe may lay,
They're back ere you're fifteen.'

"But when Congress, in turn, turned its back on Princeton, N. J., an old farmer in that neighborhood took a more gloomy view of its departure, and gave vent to his feelings in the prayer—

"'Loard, make them like unto a wheel; may they still be rouling from Beersheba to Dan, and from Dan to Beersheba, and find no rest on this side Jordan.'"

AT A RECENT MEETING of the Social Debating Club of the Ethiopian Boulevard, the question under discussion was: "Resolved, that fire is more destructive than water." A warm debate was kept up for a long time, interspersed with frequent and vivid pictures of fiery and aqueous destruction in every form imaginable. The success of "water" seemed almost certain, by reason of the superior forensic ability of its advocates, until one who had hitherto kept silence—a Fred. Douglass in unrecognized embryo—supported the resolution, and restored victory to the side of the affirmative by an apt illustration. He said: "Mistah Chahman, de question am, 'Resolve, dat fire is moah destruckive dan watah,' and de negatives ob dis question dey come yeah an dey quote ins'ances ob de briny horrors ob de watery grabe,—an' all dat. Now, I'd jes' like to call yo' 'tention to a 'zample ob de side ob fire. Jes' one o' you coons take a bucket, an' put a couple o' gallons o' watah in dat bucket, an' ye set it outside ob yer doah ober night. Now when ye come dar in de mo'nin', dars yo' bucket an' yo' watah,—all safe. But now jes' ye put a couple o' gallons ob *fire* in dat bucket, instead ob de watah, an' ye set it outside ob yo' doah, an' ye come dar in de mo'nin'—an' *whar's yo' bucket?* Dat's what I wants to be info'med of!!"

SCENE, room No. 21 Northwest. Briggs, of '80, discovered reclining in easy-chair, feet on stove, humming an air from "H. M. S. Pinafore." Freshman brother "polling" at the table. To them enters "me missinger Dinnis," armed with a formidable list of absentees.

Dinnis, (spelling out the first name on the list)—"Con ye till me wheer this gin't'mon lives?"

Junior, (stopping in his rendering of Dick Deadeye to scratch his head thoughtfully,)—"Briggs?—Briggs?—I never heard of the man before,"

Freshman, (inexperienced but sarcastic,)—"What! never?"

Junior, (with a nudge and a wink,)—"No, never!"

Freshman, (unconscious of the n. and w.,)—"What!! never?"

Junior—"Well—er—hardly ever."

Freshman, (innocently,)—"Why *that's your name!*"

(Grand transformation scene and slaughter of the innocent.)

WALTER G. MELLIER, formerly of '80, is Secretary of the newly organized "Nassau Kennel Club," of St. Louis.

THE GLEE CLUB and Instrumental Clubs will together give a concert on the evening of Thursday, March 6th, in the Second Presbyterian Church. The clubs have secured for that evening the services of Miss Maud Morgan,

the distinguished harp soloist, of New York. Prof. Giles, the able instructor of the Glee Club, will sing a solo. The programme throughout will be made as new and as varied as possible. Thus reinforced, the clubs cannot fail to give us a first-rate concert, one deserving the hearty support of every man in College.

DI CESNOLA'S LECTURES.—In behalf of the College we heartily thank Prof. Sloane and those wealthy and generous friends of Princeton, unknown to us, through whose efforts and liberality we have been secured the privilege of listening, free of cost, to these valuable lectures. Acceptable at any time, they are doubly so in this dullest season of the College year. And we are sure that four winter evenings can, in no way, be more pleasantly or more profitably spent than in hearing the story of the ancient arts and history of Cyprus, from a man whom the fruits of ten years of active investigation upon the ground have made famous. The first lecture of the series was delivered in the larger Examination Hall, on Wednesday, February 12th, at 7½ P. M. The three others will be given in the same place and at the same hour, on the evenings of Thursday, February 20th, Wednesday, February 26th, and Wednesday, March 5th. Tickets and charts of engravings illustrative of the lectures may be obtained by students at the Registrar's office.

The first lecture was, to some extent, introductory. General di Cesnola began by asking our attention to Asiatic and Egyptian art, on account of their indirect influence upon the Greek, which claims our interest as the only standard of excellence. But this position it does not rightly hold. For it he showed to be the outgrowth of preceding styles of art, no less worthy of admiration—styles which were already fully developed long before Greek art was born. These earlier styles, from which the Greek drew its inspiration, had been clearly defined to us by late discoveries made in the ruins of Nineveh and in Egypt. But to show their influence on Greek art, a connected series of monuments was necessary. The results of the speaker's investigations supply the link by furnishing us with physical and tangible proofs of the germ of Greek art in Cyprus. The lecturer then made a digression to show the position which ancient Cyprus held as the central meeting-place and common mart of nations. He sketched the history of the Phœnicians, as the first great maritime nation of the world; and showed the influence which they exerted on civilization, and particularly on the growth of art in opening up the resources of Cyprus: its bays, affording harborage for ships; its thickly-wooded hills, furnishing abundance of timber for ship-building; and above all, its mines rich in ores of copper, tin, lead and the precious metals. He then, by reference to the chart of wood-cuts, showed the influences of Assyrian and Egyptian models on the relics of Cypriote art discovered by him, and traced the development of this composite system into the pure Greek style. We have attempted only a meagre outline of a lecture which deserves fuller attention than our limited space permits.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

We always like to believe that every college paper furnishes its subscribers just the intellectual *menu* called for; but when the *Lafayette College Journal* devotes ten of its fourteen pages to alumni and outside matters, we are prone to conclude that either the under-graduates have an able-bodied appetite for alumni reunions and personals, or else that we behold a melancholy case of journalistic dyspepsia. It may be the *Journal's* fault, but things in general in Easton, seem to be covered up with a feeling of "regret," as with a lap-robe. "It is a thing that has often been regretted by those of us most interested in out-door exercises, that the spirit of these games has been entered into by the students of Lafayette to so small a degree." It is also to be regretted that "Lafayette is almost the last college to place her nine in the field," when such a state of things is in order; nor is it a subject for congratulation that Lafayette occupies the anomalous position of being one of the few American colleges possessing no gymnasium. "We regret exceedingly," further, that "the benefit of the Star Course Lectures has not been enjoyed" this winter. Further on we learn that the pursuit of a "partial course has always been discouraged at Lafayette." The jeremiad assumes a more hopeful strain, as we are informed that, after five years of feverish anxiety and bitter disappointment, the "munificent gift" of eight thousand volumes is at last about to be capable of "access," and that "a general catalogue of the college"—which also "has long been desired," and which seems to be an abnormally developed triennial catalogue—is on the verge of realization. But even here "joy is not unconfined," as such catalogue has already revealed the unpleasant fact that of 2010 students that have entered Lafayette, some 1267 have "left before graduation and sought their diplomas from other institutions of greater age." Yet, withal, we are inclined to believe that the Lafayette student finds life a supportable burden, though not highly flavored with the spice of variety. Finally, we regret that a bad digestion, or the "cares of this world," or, peradventure, the proverbial "deceitfulness of riches," or some other cause, should have driven the Lafayette editorial mind into despondency.

Most of the colleges have by this time safely recovered from the effects of the late Inter-collegiate Literary contest. Madison's recovery has been the most prolonged and painful. The chief difficulty, apparently, is the fatal omission on the part of the judges to give them a prize. This, no doubt, was

purely accidental, as no judge could have had the heart to have refused their man a *fiat* prize, had they supposed they were going to feel so bad about it. But they have no sort of charity. The whole performance was a *fiasco*, save Madison's share, and that a set of judges swayed by carnal and sinister motives failed to appreciate, and so on, *ad lib*. It is pleasant to see somebody really excited about that I. C. L. A., but as we have had the hearse and funereal ceremonies ready for the last four years awaiting its demise, you can't honestly hope to stir us up. It has been a matter of calm and sublime indifference to us for some time as to whether we ever took a prize or not; and we would have retired long ago, but for the feeling that we who officiated at its birth should reverently attend the obsequies. This "consummation devoutly to be wished" is, we fear, to be deferred for some time, as the University of Pennsylvania wants "the elephant to go around" at least once, we presume, before the final exit. *The University Magazine* has, in part, commenced a serial article on "its history, aims, results and needs," and is bubbling over with the zeal of a new convert. We wish them the apostolic benediction, and turn to the *Hamilton Lit.* that, as will be seen later, takes a kind, fatherly interest in the I. C. L. A. It breaks the matter gently: "The year has again rolled round, and with it the Inter-collegiate contest has made its appearance." Of this fact and one other it seems tolerably sure. It has somewhere come across "vague rumors," as to its debility, Princeton's withdrawal, lack of spinal column, etc., etc., but it trusts "the reasons for her resignation have been entirely done away with by the result of the late contest, and that the Inter-collegiate will thrive again." This is kind—for I. C. L. A., but not a circumstance to what follows: "Yet it would be in the highest degree unfortunate, if other colleges should assume Princeton's late position. If this became the case generally, and heaven forbid that, (which, by the way, we see not the slightest excuse for its doing,) we almost doubt the ability of the remaining colleges, with whatever prestige they may bring to bear, to carry on the work." This is really very nice, but we fear you may have, in trying to do the proper thing by us, meddled with the "business ends" of some of your sisters. "We can congratulate Princeton on the result of her *indefatigable* labors. The honor of taking the prize in oratory, at least when we were last present, was well worth striving for." We know of but one expression applicable, which is familiar to the profane and unregenerate, to wit, "cold cheek." *The Cornell Era*, too, feels that there is something wrong somewhere, and Cornell wants to withdraw. "Competition in one branch in which we took successive prizes was discontinued," which, of course, is disgusting to those addicted to monopolizing said prizes. But it sighs, after the vicissitudes of Alexander, not so much for new worlds to conquer, as about the poor assortment and variety of worlds presented by the Inter-collegiate. It naively suggests that its present consumptive decline is no doubt attributable to Cornell's excessive and exorbitant tendency to capture all the prizes, and establishing a destructive monopoly in genius—a solution, no doubt, novel to

the ignorant and sceptical. "College after college, wearied by our continued success, withdraws from the organization and now it is no honor to take first rank in it." By all means let some one kill that I. C. L. A. before the rest begin to withdraw.

We have known a variety of topics to engross the attention of the University of California and Cornell. In fact, the journals of the latter have just laid on the table a lively and interesting domestic row to pitch into the Yale papers, which occasion promises to be marked on both sides with more than the usual amount of virulence and classic billingsgate. The undergraduates also are somewhat exercised about the Junior ball and boating matters—the novel subjects of cold recitation rooms, and no reading room, etc.; but to see them at their best it is necessary to list to *The Berkeleian* as it assaults the "marking system," and *The Era* as it waxes eloquent over "fraud in examinations." The Cornell student can settle bi-sexual, co-educational conundrums, discussing learnedly on the distinctions between the similarity and equality of the sexes in class-suppers. He advocates a "collegiate base-ball league," and would seriously consider a "proposed world's rowing regatta," but all these yield before the charms and fascinations of "fraud." The subject overpowers us, opening up depths of depravity unfathomable. It may be well to add, to avoid confusion, that "fraud" means that obsolete state of things long ago known in Princeton vernacular as "shenannygagging." This custom is taking a strong hold on Cornell, but seems to be opposed with some pertinacity. It seems that the extent of its prevalence depends on a "good opportunity," but under favorable circumstances, "one-third of the students will cheat in examinations," and that no examination is destitute of this immoral practice. The manner in which it is carried on is wondrous and devious. Slips, with important rules and "sich," are convenient; cuffs, watch-cases, sleeves, text-books in lap, papers in rolls, marginal notes, and—but we hate to mention the instruments of crimes for fear of leading astray our guileless readers. The state of things is calculated to give morality chills and fever for a month, and utterly confound virtue. But this is far from the worst. "To us the thing itself never does seem very serious." "Very few like a man any the less because they know he sometimes cheats in an examination." The Faculty come to the rescue none too soon, and endeavor to root out the evil by weeding out a few Seniors and Juniors. The facts are melancholy, and give the religious press, our Philistines, an inside hold on that "Liberal League."

EXCHANGES.

"Foreign correspondence" seems to be the latest mania among our exchanges, and, viewed as a whole, the departure is quite a successful one. The letters published are fully as readable as the average book of travel or tourist's journal—possibly more so to college readers, because they treat of matters in which students are specially interested. *The Era* prints a letter from Leipzig which gives a chatty account of the matriculation of an American student; a correspondent in *The Spectator*, of January 15th, contributes a sketch of university life at Berlin, and the issue of February 1st, contains a letter from Cambridge; each of these contains some interesting reflections on the peculiarities of American, as compared with English and German student-life. Among the "institutions" not known outside of America, if we may believe *The Spectator's* correspondent, is "class-feeling," which plays so prominent a part in the make-up of our college microcosms. The disposition to sing and to form secret fraternities is common to the American and German, but foreign to the Englishman, who contents himself with conversation and his "club."

As to German singing, we are told that some of our best college tunes are found in their song-books; as to their fraternities, that they resemble similar organizations among us in having intimate connection with branches at other universities, in assuming common badges, in being very exclusive, in electioneering for desirable men among the new comers, and in having a reputation with college authorities in general as being an interference with study. In closing his parallel between German and American Universities, this writer says: "That the influences which have modified the official system and curriculum of our colleges within the century have been largely of German origin, is at least more than probable. However that may be, the result has been entirely unique, for the American student and the American college are, for good or bad, totally and irrevocably unlike anything else in the world."

The Bowdoin Orient has a long and rambling letter headed "Quartier Latin;" but besides the famous Latin Quarter, and its students, it has to tell of Parisian churches, theatres, gardens, hospitals and wine vaults, not to mention a lengthy discussion of the comparative merits of French and American systems of education. Omitting this discussion, there is a good deal that is interesting. *The Brunswickian* has a series of "Letters from Italy," the second of which appears in the current number. Both are quite enter-

taining, and the second, which treats of an attempted visit to "The Blue Grotto" near Naples reminds us forcibly of the more quiet portions of "Innocents Abroad." *The Round Table* from Beloit, carries on what might be called a domestic correspondence with various female seminaries; Rockford, Ill., and Mt. Holyoke, Mass., appear in the numbers before us. The young ladies of Rockford address the Beloitians as "dear brothers," and claim "the privilege of regarding them with a warm, sisterly feeling," which is very pleasant, to be sure. Moreover, Rockford Seminary and Beloit "are not so far distant but that the same river flows by them, the same sky bends over them, and with the same snowy mantle, Winter has covered the Beloit campus and Forest Hill." This must be very pleasant too; but at this point the correspondent from Rockford becomes obscure in the extreme, and we were obliged to skip.

The inmates of Mt. Holyoke don't seem to share in that warm, sisterly feeling for the Beloit students which exists at Rockford. The Holyoke girl says "gentlemen" instead of "dear brothers," and adds, "you cannot well imagine my surprise at being requested to furnish for your paper a letter of 'general news and intelligence' from our home." This may be due to the fact that there is no river which runs past both Mt. Holyoke and Beloit, no sky, no snowy mantle, etc. (These privileges are, we believe, enjoyed by Amherst.) Notwithstanding her surprise, "a valued consideration" and "the honor of contributing an article to that excellent paper," *The Round Table*, "and the thought of administering to the gratification of that noble band who are drinking from learning's fount, at Beloit," induces the correspondent from Massachusetts, "with a trembling but hopeful heart" to lay her offering upon *The Round Table's* altar, "with the hope never to be called on again for a similar purpose"—which means that Beloit had better content itself with such damsels and such sisterly affection as are embraced by the same sky under which it dwells, and covered by the same snowy mantle, etc., and not attempt any flirtation with the *bas bleus* of Mt. Holyoke.

Kleptomaniacs of the most complicated and virulent type has broken out among certain exchange editors. Sometime since we found it necessary, as did *The Princetonian* also, to remind *The Cornell Review* of the undoubted distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. *The Cornell Era* seems to have felt the same necessity, but it utters its protest under the most unfavorable circumstances.

The Review remarks: "The falsity of the charge against *The Review* of plagiarising *The Era's* editorials must be apparent to anyone who has read both publications." The next *Era*, in comment upon *The Review*, makes this unfortunate statement: "Editorially, the *Review* is 'weak as a woman's tear.'" Perhaps nothing will better illustrate the relations which the Cornell organs habitually assume toward each other than the following interchange of compliments:

"The coming numbers of the *Era* will hardly equal its past issues, for its policy is unchanged, and the ranks of editors badly decimated. It is to be hoped, however, that in the future its denunciatory statements will be made with more regard for the truth."—*Review*.

"But, sonny, remember one thing; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; neither can you make yourself a successful writer, nor a manly thinker, by throwing mud. If your readers enjoy having the faults of the *Era* shown them, why, hunt them out and criticize to your heart's content. But, for heaven's sake, don't lie so like all time, or you won't know the truth when you see it."—*Era*.

The *Amherst Student* stands convicted of cribbing quite an extended passage from the "Editor's Table," of the *Yale Lit.* for December. True, the *Student* reversed the order of the clauses in most of the sentences, and even introduced in several places a different word from that used by the *Lit.*; but, notwithstanding, we think the *Student* must be considered guilty of a clear case of "conveying," as we believe the wise call it. Then there is quite an intricate piece of theft discovered by the *Round Table*, which wails thus:—"Here is something just as we might expect; the *Courier* very generously gives the *Hamilton Lit.* credit for a clipping which the *Lit.* stole from the *Round Table* without giving credit to the rightful owner thereof. This is a trick very frequently played by some of our eastern friends upon their western brethren." Perhaps this last remark may find its exemplification in the fact that "the *Tripod* finds the *Tyro* appropriating entirely one of its articles without giving credit for the same." We say *perhaps*, because never having had the pleasure of hearing of the *Tyro* before, we can't say whether it comes from an eastern college or not. By an exercise of piercing insight the *Trinity Tablet* elicits the fact that the *Knox Student* (a journal of whose existence we were up to this hour unaware), has "attributed to the *NASSAU LIT.* words which belong to the *Tablet*." Such widespread lapse from virtue makes us incline toward moral pessimism, but we are cheered by "a ray of hope above the horizon of despair." That much-stolen-from and long-suffering organ, *The Round Table*, sounds the note of reform:

"We often find the *Bowdoin Orient* very interesting, but we cannot say this of it to-day. However, if we do not admire its literary ability, we certainly do honor the principles by which it is guided, or intends to be guided in the future. 'Let him that stole, steal no more' is one that it is going to act upon in the future, and it says that the *Round Table* hereafter will receive credit for all that the *Orient* borrows from the same.' Which is very encouraging, or would be, were it not that on turning to the *Orient*, to hear, as it were, its confession from its own lips, we find it expressing itself not in the pious and scriptural terms attributed to it by the *Round Table*, but in this unconcerned and impenitent style:

"The *Round Table* accuses us, as well as other papers, of clipping from its columns without giving it credit. Hereafter, dear *Round Table*, we will give

you all the credit due your publication, but it is so seldom that we find anything worthy of clipping that we anticipate no great amount of labor in attending to your case."

The editor of the "College Gossip" has again been indiscreet in his remarks. Our readers may remember that a few weeks since attention was called to the remarkable combination of fast locomotion and virtuous conduct to be found in William Cahill, of the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, better known as the *habitat* of the *Niagara Index*. It will be remembered that this exemplary athlete was just completing a twenty-five mile walk when he was interrupted by the chapel bell; leaving the laurels so nearly attained to wither upon the field, he resolutely donned his ulster and hurried away to chapel. But the *mens conscia sibi recti* supposed to be so desirable was not the only award which Providence had in store for this hero. A pedometer, a purse, a barrel of apples, and no end of glory, are one after another showered upon this worthy recipient, and the editor of the "College Gossip" could not refrain from signalizing this triumph of virtue. But he was indiscreet; he aroused the *Index*. Had not William Cahill given a public exhibition of his twenty-five mile walking with the avowed object of aiding the *Index* to pay its debts? He had; and should the *Index* stand on a matter of dollars and cents? Hear the *Index*:

"As the *LIT.* grows witty, it smiles piously at the endeavors of our athletes. We have only one word to say: If the *LIT.* can trot out a Princeton student able to compete with the best walker of this college we will venture twenty-five dollars that our man will come in victor. This is a clear case of put up or shut up."

Truly, Cahill's benevolence was not bestowed on the ungrateful. The *Index*, standing as it does on the verge of financial ruin, is willing to wager twenty-five dollars, (it will be noticed that this is a dollar on each mile,) on their benefactor's pedestrian abilities. No, *Index*, you are too noble; you should not risk your little all even in the cause of virtue; self-support is a primary duty. Besides, we never bet.